Identified by His Drinks.

"Brandy smash, sir? Yes, sir," and

"Well, you see, we can generally fix

"Suppose you don't have the particu-

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1886.

NO. 28.

A Desperate Thought.

"What if there is no God!" The dreadful thought
Took hideous shape within my mortal brain,
Then instantly my share of moral pain
Pressed heavier on my heart. Like some great Hurled out on space, some blighting useless spot Reeking with tears and bloodshed, greed and gain, This sorrow-laden world seemed made in

The universe contracted on my sight, Down to the limits of a prison pen Its one dark door, an opening in the sod. I flung my arms up heavenward in affright. len madness menaced me-and the I or sudden madness menaced me—and I cried aloud, "There is, there is a God!"

vain. And but a ghastly jest, man's anguished lot.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MISTAKEN. Thoughtless Words and the Results They

Wrought in Two Young Lives. A cool breeze blew up from the river It played among the reeds and tall the slope toward the white mansion on fringed the wide piazza where a group of young girls sat chatting, resting, or busying themselves with dainty needle-

"What a delicious breeze!" exclaimed Florence Freeman, rising as she spoke. The slender, thoughtful-looking young man reclining unseen in the depths of a large easy chair just within one of the long windows glanced up from the pages of a book in which he had been absorbed, and his dark eyes followed her graceful figure admiringly. "It sees me wild to be doing some-

thing," she continued, pacing up and down the long porch. "Do you know, girls." pausing abruptly, "we're a set of slaves?"

"O, Florry?" exclaimed a laughing veice, "now don't give us a lecture on noman's rights!"

"Never fear: that isn't what I was minking of. We are hindered by circumstances from being and doing what we feel is within us to be and do."
"Listen, girls," interrupted another oice, "Florry is on her high horse.

Now we shall see some prancing. "Laugh away," returned Florence.
"I'm in earnest. Why must we, besause we happen to have drifted into a sertain channel, or because a particular course is marked out for us by friends, drift on down the stream or keep on in the same course to the bitter end, even though we must smother the best there is in our natures in doing so?

Intense feeling emphasized her words, and her unseen listener found himself wondering what personal experience had prompted them. Amy Gray lifted

"Duty is often unpleasant," she said, "but it is best, after all, to have a settled plan and purpose and cling to them through everything. Think what a chaos would result if we all followed our own inclinations, and, worse than that, whatever might les we moment de ou

ruling passion. Florence did noi answer for a moment; her eyes were roving across the wide sweep of the river, where a white sail glimmered in the afternoon sun-

"O, yes; there must be plans, of course, and they must be carried out, or nothing would be accomplished. But take special cases. There is cousin Dora, for instance. Why must she give up her painting to marry Fred Long, merely because she promised to when a mere child, and didn't know what she wanted? Of course I don't say anything against Fred. He is good as gold, but he can't appreciate her talents. Why, he has begun to interfere with her plans already. Says she works too steadily, and wants her to give up some work she had undertaken in order to be married sooner. She only laughed over it. Of course she wouldn't say anything, but we can all see she doesn't love him How can she, when he has no sympathy with her on that subject? Now, why can't she say so, and be free?"

"She feels her responsibility," said Amy's soft voice. "She knows how devoted Mr. Long is to her."

"Sh-h! here she comes," whispered Edith Stanley as a bright-faced girl fluttered up from the garden, like a dainty white butterfly, and perched herself on the steps. A dead silence fell on the group for a moment, and then Dora turned her laughing face toward her cousin: "Go on, Florry. You were giving a lecture, weren't you? I could hear you 'orating,' but couldn't catch a word of the discourse.'

"It's ended now," said Florence coolly, mentally resolving never to be so careless again in mentioning "special cases," "and unless some one has taken notes you can never hope to know anything about it, for it was quite impromptu." And, taking her cousin's arm, she marched her up and down the piazza humming a gay air.

Meanwhile, within the windows the young man sat motionless, his finger still between the pages that only a few moments ago held him spellbound, although his world had fallen in ruin around him since Florence began her Outside the breeze rang among the tree-tops and ruffled the shining bosom of the river. The August sunshine lay mellow on the grass, but he heard nothing, saw nothing.

The tea bell rang suddenly and started him out of his meditations. The girls disappeared with much chatter and gay laughter, and he rose mechanically and walked like one in a dream down through the garden and on into a little grove beyond, his one thought to be alone where no human eye could add to his torment with its questioning glance. There, under the trees, where he and Dora played in childhood, he walked to and fro, one sentence ringing in his ears like a sentence of doom: "We can all see she doesn't love him." It was hard to come down from the pinnacle where he had imagined himself

crowned king of one heart. When Dora, only 15 then, had given him her hand so confidingly as they walked together in this very groveonly it was morning then, and springtime, and the air was filled with the scent of wild crab-apple blooms, and she wore them at her throat; how plainly he pink of her cheek so like the dainty blossoms-he had taken the gift unpuestioningly, and no doubts had ever ssailed him. He knew her devotion art and was proud of her success, but had never dreamed that it would be

rival in her affections. 'Have I been so blind?' be questioned. my little Dora!

omething must be done, and that at e things were true? That would be meaningless to me." saying "Have you been deceiving I these years?" He could not do | tant hills. She made no reply. He was very thankful that Dora not quite decided to be married in all, as that would be one test he put her to. It is something to mortal is?" an idea that can be acted upon at house with this one purpose in tween us."

view. How shall he find a minute in which to speak alone with Dora? He feels that he cannot bear the suspense until another day shall come, and then mutters to himself, "Fool! what if it must last a lifetime? What if I am

never to know?" As he reached the piazza a girlish voice cried out eagerly: "O, Mr. Long! where have you been hiding yourself?" and in an instant he was surrounded by a laughing group, who scolded and questioned with such vivacity that their victim found it unnecessary to say a word; it was, in fact, quite impossible.

Then Dora rose from the piano.
"Here, Dora!" called Edith Stanly, "here is the deserter. What shall be done to him?" And they led him before his bright-eved judge.

Dora had never before seemed to him just as she did at that moment-so far away, as if a great gulf were fixed between them. He could scarcely believe in her bright looks, everything seemed so ungrasses on the bank and ran lightly up | real, his life was so shaken to its foundations. It was only by a great effort the hillside, fluttering the vines that that he aroused himself to make some commonplace excuse.

Dora's first careless glance at his pal-Ed face changed to one of alarm. The light from an open window fell upon it and she saw its deadly pallor. "Why, Fred!" she cried, "you careless boy! You will be sick again. Come and have face bent over her canvas, and she some tea." And she led the way to the dining-room. How he longed to say, "Come Dora, I have something to tell you," and then, having her all to himself, pour out these miserable doubts and fears in her ear and so be free from them. But no; here was this crowd of chattering girls-besides, she must not know he had such doubts. Even if she said, "I love you," could he be sure she was not saying it because she believed it to be her duty. And so he finished the evening as best he could, and all night long his heart tormented him with

ceaseless questionings. Several days passed before he found an opportunity to speak alone with Dora. The house was filled with a number of young guests, and Dora must be every-

Fred Long was just now taking well-carned vacation. After years of hard work and months of illness he had come back to the home of his childhood to regain lost health and strength. had called this the happiest summer he slain her. had known, but now an untimely frost spoiled its beauty. Among the friends whom Dora was entertaining her cousin Florence Freeman was the only one he had previously known. Naturally they drifted together during these miserable days. With Dora he was suddenly ill at ease and restless; her quick eyes noted the change, and she looked about for a cause. Those same quick eves soon noticed the walks and talks with cousin Florence. "No wonder she admires him," she said, with a sharp little pang at her heart, mentally contrasting tall, handsome Florence

with her own little self. Presently the flock of merry school "Only Florence, and girls took flight. you, and I," said Dora; "just as it used to be." But for both the old charm was destroyed.

One day they walked together along the river bank, and Dora said, "Our

playtime is done." Yes," he answered, "I must go back to my law books and you must have time for your painting. A light came into her eves.

am to go on painting?" "Yes," he said slowly. "I am making this sacrifice for you. I do not wish

you to marry me until you have finished this work you have set your heart upon. It will occupy your whole winter?" "Yes; perhaps more. Give me a year," she said eagerly, quite unconscious of the pain her words inflicted, and only anxious for time wherein to

prove whether, after all these years of devotion. Fred could be won from her. "Very well," came the answer, calm and steady. No trembling in the quiet tones to betray the heart's unutterable anguish as it whispered to itself, "How glad she is to be free even for a year.' As for Dora, her heart was saying, "He does not care."

And then they talked of indifferent matters, these two foolish ones, and the precious hours in which they might have understood each other slipped away and were gone forever.

Once more apart, their letters were exchanged at regular intervals-Fred's kind and loving. "Of course," said Dora, "it is his duty," while Dora's were a curious study had her lover but known. Each one a little cooler, a little briefer than the last, until by the time spring had dressed the fields and woods in green again poor Fred had well-nigh made up his mind that Florence was right. Dora's heart was all in her painting; she had grown quite

weary of him. "This suspense is killing me," he would say: "but I'll wait—it is better it will soon be over.

And Dora, working herself to a shadow over her painting, would think: "The end cannot be far off. He will soon be free. Early in the summer Fred found him-

self again in the old familiar haunts, but, alas! the old joyous light was wanting everywhere. A shade, a mist, seemed hanging over everything, and Dora was farther away than ever. There were no merry guests to divide her attention; but, so absorbed, so si-

lent, did she seem, he could hardly believe it was the same Dora he had known in other days. A week passed by-a week of mingled paradise and torment. Sometimes he would be on the point of saying to her: "Dora, I will stand in your way no

longer:" but a faint hope still lingered, and he could not crush it so ruthlessly. At other times he could almost believe himself mistaken-all these months a fearful dream-when her eyes met his so earnestly and seemed filled for a moment with the old, warm light. They sat together one day upon a little rustic seat, chatting and resting after a walk. Fred had taken some

letters from his pocket which he wished to show to Dora. A picture fell from among them. Dora stooped to recover "Cousin Florry," she murmured, could see her now, all in white, and the and Fred began making some commonplace remark upon its correctness. Then, glancing at his companion's face, he was startled at its deadly pallor. "Dora!" he cried, "you are ill. We walked too far. You must rest." "No, I'm not ill," she said almost

sharply. "How lovely Florence is." "Yes, indeed. She is well-nigh perfeet. But there is only one Dora in all the world," taking her little, cold hand Should he go to Dora and ask if in his. "Without Dora the world is

Dora's eyes were scanning the dis-Sho He must wait, with what patience was steeling her heart against him ould, until he could decide for him- "He wants to be true," she thought, "but I will have no such love." "Dora, you are not happy.

She started. "Not perfectly so. What "It seems to me I would be if only and he retraced his steps toward things could be as they once were be-

This was the first allusion he had made to the fact that he had noticed

fairfield

any change in their relations. Dora realized that a crisis was coming. She simply awaited it in silence.. She would neither strive to avert nor to

hasten it. "I have sometimes feared that you and I have been mistaken. That is the word. I think. If so, I love you too well to ask you to keep a promise which has become hateful to you.'

Dora rose from her seat: a sudden fire flamed in her pale cheek. She held her hand out toward him-the dear little hand that wore his ring. Something in her air bewildered him. He stood a moment motionless, then seized the hand in both his own. She shook him off impatiently and drew the ring from her linger. Now he understood.

"Without a word, Dora?" he said, struggling for self-command as a man might battle for life against the waves "What is there to say?" asked Dora,

her voice clear as a silver bell, while her eyes shone like two stars. And again he told himself that lie: "She is And so they parted. The tie formed almost in childhood was broken, and

they went their separate ways. Day after day Dora's pale, resolute steadied her trembling hand for greater achievements. She worked too hard, they said. She was too ambitious; she put too much of her life-blood into the

strokes of her brush, and a few months ended the struggle. He came again to the dear old house beside the river; a crowd of friends had gathered there, but Dora gave them no welcome. Pale and silent she lay and stirred not a finger nor an eyelash for any of their tears. He stood there with Florence, and that still form between them; its smiling lips were no more silent now than they had been in life. A dumb patience was marked on the

meaning. "If she might only have lived!" sobbed Fred spoke not, but the bitter cry of

sweet face, but they never guessed its

his heart was, "If I could only know that she loved me!" And they never dreamed, these twoher nearest and dearest-that they had

How She Fixed It.

The three of us had been tramping over the battlefield of Malvern Lill all day long, and as night came on there was every evidence of a steady, soaking rain-storm. We had to get shelter right away, and we found it in a farm-house owned by a widow. She was willing enough to furnish us supper, but when it came to lodgings she seemed greatly embarrassed. "You see," she said, "my house is

very small. Indeed, I have only this room, with a bedroom off." "But can't we sleep in the barn?" said the Colonel.

"I have no barn." "But you can go to bed and let us sleep on the floor in this room, can't

"Y-e-s, but-but-" "Oh, you needn't have any fear of us, madam," protested the Colonel.

"It isn't that, sir, but-She blushed like a rose, but none us could understand until she said: "Well, to tell the truth, my beau will

be here to-night."

"In this storm?" "O, ves. William would come if it rained pitchforks." "Well, we won't hurt William.

"No, sir, but we-that is, he will expect to spark me, and-and-" "Exactly," said the Colonel. "I see the situation. You don't want to disap-

point William?" "No, sir: and I don't want to turn you gentlemen out either. You see, sir, it's probably my only chance to get married and it won't do to offend William. This is his sparking night and he's got to

come five miles. "Well, we won't stand in his way: we will hunt some other place." "No, sir, you shall stay; but you see

how it is. I think I can fix it. I'll take this room and you three can have the pedroom. "What! Deprive you of sleep?" "Oh, no, sir. William and I always

spark till daylight. If you would only fix it that way. sir."
We did. After supper we locked ourselves into the bedroom, and taking the pillows from the bed laid down on the floor and slept like bricks until call-

ed to breakfast. When we went out the Colonel asked: "Well, did William show up?" "Y-ves, sir," she stammered, "and he asked me to m-marry him! If we hadn't

fixed things maybe he'd have waited a whole year longer. B-breakfast is ready and I'll never forget your kindness to a poor widow!"-Detroit Free Press. Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H.")

From the preface to a reminiscent critique, which is accompanied by a frontispiece portrait in the December Century, we quote the following. "It is curious to see how promptly time begins to apply to the memory of remarkable persons, as to their touchstones, an effacing process that soon makes all inscriptions look alike. Already we see the beginnings of this tendency in regard to the late Mrs. Helen Jackson. The most brilliant, impetuous, and thoroughly individual woman of her time - one whose very temperament seemed mingled of sunshine and fireshe is already being portrayed simply as a conventional Sunday-school saint. It is undoubtedly true that she wrote her first poetry as a bereaved mother and her last prose as a zealous philanthropist; her life comprised both these phases, and she thoroughly accepted them; but it included so much more, it belonged to a personality so unique and in many respects so fascinating, that those who knew her best can by no means spare her for a commonplace canonization that takes the zest out of her memory. To describe her would be impossible except to the trained skill of some French novelist; and she would have been a sealed book to him, because no Frenchman could comprehend the curious thread of firm New England texture that ran through her whole being, tempering waywardness, keeping impulse from making shipwreck of itself, and leading her whole life to a high and concentrated purpose at last. And when we remember that she hated gossip about her own affairs, and was rarely willing to mention to reporters any fact about herself except her birthday-which she

work which she held in such aversion. seems the betrayal of a confidence.

Mile. de Lesseps is her father's confidential secretary.

A PECULIAR CUSTOM. A Ludierous Practice in Which Many Ocean Travelers are Compelled

to Take Part. A Cambridge undergraduate, now or his way to the cape in a trading vessel, sends the following interesting commu nication to the I'all Mall Gazette · One of the oldest customs of the sea lately came under my notice, and in such way as I am not likely to forget. As sual after our 6 o'clock tea, we were, ceated in the saloon enjoying our game of cribbage, when a blast from the foghorn, fit to awaken the dead, put an end to our cards. Hurriedly we made for the deck, where a sight never to be forgotten met our eyes. The evening was dark and cloudy, the moon entirely hidden, but the deck was brilliantly illuminated with blue lights. From the forecastle was issuing a procession that bailes description. First walked Father Neptune himself, leading on his arm his young and beautiful wife, Amphitrite. Neptune was dressed in long, white flowing robes-that is, a nightshirt around his head waved his gray locks, blowing before the wind in every direction; his beard reached below his waist on his head he wore a miter of such tremendous size as to drive any bishop wild with envy; in his hand he bore hi trident.

His wife's dress was evidently on the plan of "beauty unadorned," for some red paint, a small red flag, and a pair of red bathing-drawers constituted her costume. Her flaxen hair in curly masses reached ker knees. Following this august couple walked the hero of the evening-the barber. Dressed all in white, waring a hat the shape of a dice-box, half white, half black, with curly white hair and whiskers, he was sublime; but the sublime changed into the awful when one perceived that he carried in his hands instruments of torture rivaling in their latent cruelty even those of the Inquisition. Imagine standing and gazing upon a bucket of flour and water mixed to about the thickness of liquid glue, of which you know you will receive a large share—on your head. Recover, if you can, from that sight, and look again, In his other hand he holds a razor of such magnitude that it would not be ill amiss for felling trees, and think that soon that edge of rough, rusty iron will be plowing its meandering course over your innocent jaws.

Following this torturer came two policemen armed with eudgels and dark anterns. Behind them crowded the erew. In spite of the awful solemnity of the scene, one could not but admire the dark, cloudy sky, the sea a blaze of phosphorescence, the flickering summer lightning, the grouping of the actors. Halting before the after deck, Neptune, in a loud voice, with such calm disregard as to where he put his H's as would make any classical author turn in his grave, gave utterance, "Earing that some of the crew of this ship is such as ave not yet crossed the loine, and bin baptoized, my sons, I ham 'ere to see them done so." Evidently Nep-tune's intercourse with British sailors

land."

has been to the disadvantage of his elo-The sailors, at the finish of Neptune's speech, cheered loudly, while from their midst stepped the two brawny policemen, one of whom was a nigger from Demerara, and seized upon T. Meanwhile the torturer was not idle. He had seated himself upon a low stool, with his bucket before him, in his left hand a brush like a housemaid's broom, while with his right he was sharpening his razor on the companion-ladder railings. Alas for poor T. He stood smiling before his executioner, who, evidently thinking the occasion far too solemn to smile at, put an end to his innocent merriment by inserting as much as he possibly could of his mixture into his While he was engaged in choking and spitting out what he could of the concection, his head was being covered to such an extent as to render his features quite indistinguishable. Then that awful razor came into use, its broad, rusty edge scraping away the dough like a plow in a clay soil. But how difficult it is to take the dough out of one's eyes and mouth with a razorblade three feet long, one can not imagine till one has tried! His satanic scraped off as much as pleased his fancy, the two policemen came to the fore again, armed with buckets of cold water, which, utterly regardless of what part of the victim's body received the water, they threw in quick succession over him.

I was the next victim, and went through the same terrible routine; but failure because of his non-attendance. at last it was all over, and I issued from the cold-water cure quite ready to see the fun in treating the others to their dose. It was a novel experience, and one not likely to be forgotten. Then followed the others who had not crossed the line, some half-dozen of them, but two were missing. The police were soon after them, but it was an hour before the first was found, lying underneath the boilers in about the temperature of the place I had wished the barber in when I was being shaved. All this he endured rather than face his shaving, or, I should say, shaving his face. He was quickly dragged upon the scene, and paid the penalty of his fear by receiving a double dose. Soon after this the other, a boy, was found concealed in a sail in the rigging; he, too, got what he deserved for trying to escape justice. After all were baptized, we had some songs and dances, the barber being especially good at the latter, and giving us some excellent clog-dances and breakdowns. Poor Neptune had terrible trouble with his wife, who, suddenly discovering herself among a lot of sailors, became "skittish"-naturally, what woman would not? The songs and dancing finished, grog handed all round, and with three cheers for us from the crew, we retired to our cabins to put on dry clothes, and to tear out handfuls of hair in endeavoring to rid our heads of dough. And so we crossed

If there is anything Old Nace is proud of it is his ability to lift heavy burdens. He can carry with ease a trunk which few other men can lift. He is employed in the family of Judge Sniverly of Brenham, whose son Fred is a student at the University of Texas. When Fred left home for the university his careful mother had packed an immense trunk for him to take with him. Old Nace insisted on earrying the heavy trunk to the depot, which feat he accomplished without difficulty. When vacation began Fred Sniverly, who had been leading a usually, with characteristic willfulness, rather fast life at the university, returned put a year earlier than it was-it is pe- to his native town. Old Nace was on his hands, and, remarking "Jess watch only tempered by the regretful wish that wants," -Cor. Chicago Tribune. No fame or publicity could ever make me yank dat ar trunk on my shoulder, her seem, to those who knew her, any- he leaned over, seized the handles, and thing but the most private and intimate | made a mighty effort. Next moment he of friends; and to write about her at all | was standing on his head with his feet n the air, and the trunk was lying some distance off wide open. There was nothing in it but a tooth-brush and a paper collar. - Texas Siftings.

Actresses and Their Appetites.

"There are few actresses," says Saman up-town bartender immediately beuel Stockvis in the Cook, "who do not appreciate a good dinner or know how gan to shovel ice into a glass, and soon crushed the mint prior to completing to select one. Adelaide Neilson was a devotee of gourmandism; ate often and the beverage. late, was feted, dined, and wined on every hand, loved nothing better than the bartender, as the writer set down to be invited out socially, and actually the empty glass. died from feeding too much. Champagne was her favorite wine. Patti is a Yankee fashion. ight eater-all singers are-but goes in the nationality of the visitor by his for porter and Burgundy with a will. The fact that Mmme. Scalchi refused to drinks. Most Americans that drink go sing last season and compelled a in for gin or whisky cocktails in the change of bill" on the ground that she morning. A Frenchman takes claret had eaten too late will not soon be forand ice, or if he is hard on it some coggotten by the chronicler of the capricnac or absinthe. A Dutchman or Prusous records of prima donnas. Lillian sian wants beer. Chinamen don't do Russell is very fond of salads, and will much bar drinking, but lately the stewnot eat a dinner in which they do not ard of this hotel tells me some of them occupy a prominent position. Clara have been strengthening their tea with Louise Kellogg's fondness for pork and beans is thought by some to be her only of tea to judge by the brandy I have been fault. Mrs. Langiry is very fond of Blue Points on the half-shell, and is very on ale and brandy, but seldom come particular about the cooking of her to the bar, especially in the morning. viands. The special weakness of the We haven't had any Japs yet, but the English beauty is a fondness for brandy and da, with a distinct underlying them are stopping tells me that they are them are stopping tells me that they are getting very fond of lager. In this countendency toward beer. Selina Dolaro. like most English women of the stage, try every state has its own particular has fallen into the habit of taking her style of drink. Whisky is at the top. tea at 5 o'clock, whether she has an en- A New Yorker wants rye all the time, a gagement or not. Marie Prescott keeps Pennsylvanian calls for Monongahela. house in a flat, has a German cook, the Kentuckians stick up for Bourbon, knows how to prepare a dainty meal and it is nearly certain death to offer a herself, and has an able assistant in her drinker from Florida or Georgia any but husband. Rose Coglan doesn't like corn whisky. Jerseymen take applejack a heavy wine like sherry if she is going in preference to anything else, while to play, and usually indulges in cham- Delawareans must have peach brandy pagne instead. She is a 6 o'clock diner, and honey. Missourians, as a rule, are feeds well, and when chicken is on the board calls for the white meat. Ellen whisky straight and strong and plenty Terry, while on the road, always has of it. North-Carolina, Alabama, Louisiher meals served in her room, as do Mrs. ana, Tennessee, and other southern states send us great fancy drinkers. Langtry and Margaret Mather. The latter young lady does not dine out The best barkeepers in the world Miss Mather always takes an come from the south. Since the much. iced lemonade before going on in the California wines have come out, the Pabalcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet." cific people have called heavily for ca-Nothing that Mile. Sarah Bernhardt has tawba, but half of them can't tell the the side of any deficiency of stirring ever eaten has had a tendency to make difference between a still catawba and her grow stouter, The great French an ordinary Sauterne. tragedienne always takes a glass of old cognac before going on the stage, dines lar brand of whisky a gentleman calls in the afternoon, and takes a supper after the performance. Mmc. Desclee, the renowned French actress, lived for the last year of her existence, when cancer was drawing her inevitably to her grave, entirely upon grapes and milk. appreciative of the pleasures of the table, but of late years, conscious of her increasing stoutness, seeks to temper appetite with judgment. When in the city she always dines at a favorite table d'hote in Twenty-seventh street. Mme. Rhea lately has been fetedalmost enough

for?" "Well, that's easily settled. There are very few bars that don't keep rye and Bourbon, and, between you and me, there are not many drinkers who can Mme. | tell the difference. Most bars keep two Judic is said to be a very good feeder, or more bottles of whisky-all drawn and her embonpoint gives no denial of the statement. Mile. Aimee is highly er understands his business, he can er understands his business, he can make a man think he is drinking rye when he is actually drinking Bourbon. Bad rye whisky with a dash of common bitters in it can be made to pass as corn whisky.' "Are fancy drinks in much demand to undermine her constitution, but keeps "Fairly so. Sometimes a bartender up bravely. Mme. Janish loves a good has to be sharp to keep up with the or-

meal and never fails to get one when ders. The other day a southerner came

the selection of the dishes is left to herin and ordered junk of me. What the self. when she takes good care to red dence junk was I did not know, so I had ciently email member the solidly good things of fader- to trust to my wits. I found out after for stone fence. Another time a gentle-George Sheridan's Joke. man wanted an Albano punch. Tasked Gen. George H. Sheridan, "of Louisiwhether he preferred brandy or Santa adapt it or the story will be ruined." ana," lives now at the Union Square Cruz rum, and when he answered I hotel and is coming to be known as a knew what an Albany punch was, for Union Square notability. He has had a nearly all punches are built on the same checkered political career, but he has prescription. had a good living through it all, evi-dently, for he has grown stouter and "What are the principal fancy drinks called for?" stouter with each succeeding year, until "Well, New Yorkers take naturally to his short figure now carries upward of | milk punches and whisky and gin sours. 250 pounds of flesh. As a stump speaker | Southerners are heavy on sherry cobhe has been and still is in great demand. blers, mint juleps, brandy smashes, His talks are a mixture of witty stories brandy juleps, and Bourbon sours. and eloquence which is taking with the Philadelphians, when they don't take people. A politician of Ohio related to ale or beer, or take their whisky me yesterday an incident of one of Sheridan's engagements which had a ludicrous ending. Sheridan was posted punch, Fish house punch is one of the tor a speech in a manufacturing town nicest drinks known. It is made of

in northern Ohio. It was an off year, and the Democrats were expecting to dials, together with lemon and oranges.

carry the county through Republican in- But the same drinks go by different

difference and the labor vote. They

didn't want Sheridan to make a speech

for fear he would rouse up all the Repub-

licans, but how to keep him away was

a problem. They hit upon a plan at

last, and when Sheridan arrived he was

from several Democratic acquaintances

saloon where he found a number of

They began to ply him with invitations

to drink, and it soon popped into his

him drunk and let the meeting be a

their game he went in for as much fun

as anyone. It was 2 o'clock when they

The county ren; with his speech for a

week, and was carried for the Republi-

Cleverness in Girls.

I should say, observes a writer in All

the Year Round, that to young girls gen-

erally-to clever young girls certainly-

cleverness seems to be an unmixed ad-

girl of 15 or 16, who then perhaps enters

time-how delightful it is for her to

find herself at the gates of a new world of thought, to feel the thrill of

proud exultation which runs through

her as she gazes at it, and exclaims with

pardonable enthusiasm, "I can, at least,

long, at least, as she is sweet-tempered

essay on 'Procrastination': I've put in

knows everything!" And then at the

of all observers, but that she is receiving

the reward of work well and earnestly

poor Melissa, who is so sweet, but any-

cess of their friend!

the Duke of York in 1628.

thing rather than clever-and other

How

all the dictionary says, but that only fills up half my paper! —to hear the invariable, "O. Ida will tell you that—she come back and work here to escape

be monarch of all I survey!"

cans .- N. Y. Tribunc.

What Your Name Means.

names in different parts of the country,"

-New York Mail and Express.

The only Frank I know is short and surprised to meet a cordial reception stout, and a slow thinker, who begins to dribble out his words before his majesty, I mean the barber, having who pressed him with invitations to go thought is ready, and then has to make out and "smile." He finally went out a clumsy pause while the poor slow thing is overtaking him. How different with them and was conducted to a from the bright and winning Frank of other choice spirits, but all Democrats. | fiction,

How many Georges does one know who slay their dragons. Tom is somewhat near Jack, but

head that they had a scheme to make less attractive, for these yielding, susceptible sinnners are generally very lik-When he became satisfied that this was Andrew is not. He is slow and sure. and quite reliable, so far as his own in-

terests jump with yours. I think I went into the saloon. At half-past 7 he should hate to be married to an Anwalked out with a slightly unsteady drew; that is, the typical Andrew. step, but with a perfect control of his As to John and James, or else Jack motions, while every other man of the and Jim, and worlds divide these from crowd was under the table. He went to the hall where he was to speak and de- each other. James and John are fixed livered one of the finest efforts of his stars-Jim and Jack are planets, if not life, not forgetting to tell the story of comets, with the exception that not all the science in the world could with cerhow the enemy had ried to trip him up.

tainty predict their movements. Then there is Alfred, often a quite unbearable prig, while Fred is the very Frederick is a very differcontrary. ent man from Fred, and it seems as impossible for Harry to grow old as it is

for Henry to be very young. Charlie is surrounded by historic grace, which disappears when we examine into facts but the name is imvantage. How delightful to a clever proved by the cloudy halo that surrounds it. But, Charles! Oh, "Charles" upon regular school work for the first is dreadful.-London Truth.

Dodging Senators.

There is a good story going the rounds about one of the Cabinet officers. He is sorely pressed and oppressed by officeseekers and their backers, one Senator pleasant to see the gratification with in particular being so persistent as to which her masters gradually discover make himself a terror to the Secretary. that one eager mind is drinking in all | The other day an old friend dropped inthey say, and what trouble they will to the department to pay his respects take to answer and even to anticipate and to chat about the days when gray hairs were a myth and trouble an unher difficulties! How pleasant, againknown quantity to the two boys; he albeit somewhat dangerous-to receive wound up some specially stirring reminthe respect and admiration which her iscences with: "And what do you do schoolfellows will lavish upon her, so with yourself nowadays, old follow?" . "Now, the present time?" said the as well as clever-to respond to the Secretary. many demands made upon her for "Yes. "Just one thought, dear, to put into my "Well, I work like a slave-driver all

Senator -; then I go to my room, prize giving, how stimulating is the read a little to compose my mind, say sense, not only that she is the observed | my prayers, look under the bed for Senator —, and if he isn't there go to sleep and dream he has buttonholed me to culfarly hard to do for her now that hand to carry his trunk. He spit on done as she bears away prize after prize talk about that little appointment he

thing more to rejoice in than the sucflood. The oil bids fair to have a large Tea was introduced into Scotland by

Julian Hawthorne's Ideas.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, was recently interviewed by a Chicago Daily News reporter. The conversation turned upon the estimation placed by Europeans on American works of fiction, and the question was asked:

"From the south, sir, I reckon," said "Do you think the American novel i growing in popularity abroad, and what "Why do you ask?" said the reporter, are its distinctive features thought to be by foreigners?"

"The American novel is certainly rowing in popularity abroad, especialy in England, as will be seen by the frequent English reprints of our better novels. The reason for this is that there are at present so few tolerable novelists in England. The English novel has been written to death, and, as even novel-readers must have occasional novelty, they turn to our books with relief. The distinctive features of our work probably appear to them to be new situations, social conditions, and types of character and a certain minute accuracy of treatment from the literary point of view. Average English novel-writing is very slip-shod and careless.'

"What is your opinion of the school of 'mental vivisection'?'

"I am not myself in sympathy with that school. 'Mental vivisection' is easy writing, but hard writing. I think it is due to a lack of mental energy and of imagination in those who practice it. It amounts to importing your notebooks into your story, instead of show ing only the results and embodiment of a previous analysis, and is done by Shakspeare and the best writers."

"Do you consider this departure of literature a part of the progress of the time or a morbid outcome of days too prosperous for romance?"

"I think it has nothing to do with the progress of the time. It only indicates that our novelists make less use of their imagination than any other class of our community. Perhaps the recognition they receive is too faint to stimulate them. The difficulty is certainly not on times. Timidity and lack of self-confidence have more to do with it. Our writers consider their audience too much: no audience that they can reach is worth considerings as a literary tribunal. 'Inspiration is deprecated, as if it must be either untrustworthy or illbred. A masculine poet or novelist is much needed, and it might be well, at

write a story." "Do modern nove lists make their men and women do nothing but sit still and talk because there is nothing else for

this stage of our literary history, to make

it a penal offense for any woman to

them to do?" "I shall rather say because it is easier to write clever dialogue than to portray characteristic action.

"What are your methods of working? Do you depend principally upon your observations or on your imagination?" "Observation is always of assistance in imaginative work if it can be suffistances. On the other hand, nothing a little that junk was a compound of spoils a fictitious character so surely as applejack and cider, or another name to make it conform too closely to any real model. The requirements of the story must be allowed to mold and "Do you have regular hours for work

or do you wait for an inspiration?" "I never wait for an inspiration, and am not aware of having every been visited by any. I generally take a walk in the morning and write in the afternoon and evening. But I keep no strict rule

in such matters.' "Do you know what the 'terrible cret' of 'The Marble Faun' was, or what the 'mystery that surrounded Miriam?" "If I knew I would tell with pleasure. My father never explained it, because it did not come within the design of the story that the 'secret' should be anything but a typical secret-a human being polluted by involuntary association with the sin of others. The Cenci tragedy is an instance of such an occurrence, and is therefore made prominent in the story, but whether or not Miriam was the victim of a similar castrophe was her private business, and of no import to the moral of the tale."

---A Flexible Heart.

A story comes from Louisville which, says the Cincinnati Sun, on account of the presence in Cincinnati of the parties concerned, makes it of local interest. In Miss Effic Ellsler's company, playing at the Grand, are Mason Mitchell and Miss Marjorie Bonner. Mr. Mitchell is a nice-looking, sentimental, star-gazing chap, who is very susceptible to the charms of a pretty face, which is possessed by Miss Bonner. Indeed, the little lady is so charming that several individuals of the masculine gender yearn to bask in her smiles. The festive Mitchell fell madly in love with her. but was distressed by that hot fever of hope and fear and jealousy. The fair Marjorie, he thought, took too much interest in another member of the company. Mr. Mitchell demanded-so a bellboy stated who claimed to have heard the conversation-that Miss Bonner | And yet I had distributed me good gold banish forever from her sight the other fellow, who was causing heart-aches and ceaseless pain to the ardent lover. "I have taken poison, and will kill myself unless you will promise to be mine alone," was substantially the despairing wail of the sensitive Mitchell. rushed into his room, which was in close proximity to the apartment of his sweetheart in the Galt house, and was about to swallow four ounces of laudanum, bottle and all, when friends interfered. Mr. Mitchell still lives. He is a young man who, if reports be true, has been singularly unfortunate in his love affairs. that upon learning the news of that down to breakfast, sometimes on one lady's marriage to Mr. Winslow of this wheel, sometimes on another, and has city, he suddenly disappeared, and was lion, where it was rumored that he had been killed. He recovered from his unrequited passion and returned to New York, which necessitated a few lines contradicting his obituary notices. Members of Miss Ellsler's company seemed to think that Miss Bonner is not indifferent to Mitchell's attentions. When notified of the expose of the little scheme in the Louisville hotel the young

reporter. It was a miserable lie, all except the taking of chloroform. He had been a long sufferer from neuralgia, and when the pain came on he was accustomed to inhale chloroform, which was the only relief he could find. At the time at which the attempted suicide | for one who may be said to be coming is said to have occurred he was in the on for the next London season is Sir throes of neuralgia and was following | Henry Alfred Doughty Tichborne, who his usual prescription. The bell-boy will in May next be of age. The youthwas an infernal little liar, a direct de- ful Baronet is now in his 20th year, scendant of Ananias. "That Sophie having been born in May, 1866. The Eyre story is also a base falsehood," de-clared Mr. Mitchell, with much vehe-A Boston chemist has discovered a mence. "I was in the Riel campaign. ant has entailed upon his trustees the kindred spirits-could have had some | way of extracting an essential oil from | When I saw the announcement of my | enormous expenditure of £120,000. His onions, with which tears can be pro-duced at pleasure. One drop of this oil death in the Winnepeg papers I at once telegraphed a denial." The young actor Dorsetshire, and Buckinghamshire, and on a handkerchief will produce a copious expressed much concern lest the story in represent between 11,000 and 12,000

Bonner.

man seemed inclined to annihilate the

WIT AND HUMOR.

Queer, isn't it? A man who will swallow any kind of a dish with an imposing French name will be scared to death if he catches a cold with a Greek or Latin itle.-Lowell Citizen.

The President of a life-insurance comany recently received a letter in which the writer said: "In case of deth please explain to me what the aires would get when I dye."-Allentown (Pa.) Regis-

We were asked to express an opinion on a certain subject and we did so. Then the man who called us out lost his temper because we gave a different answer from what he declared .- Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.

There is a touch of the irony of fate in the story of the old man who lived to be 86 in "straitened circumstances" finding himself heir to a million dollars. He can only have the pleasure of making a will and providing for a swell funeral.—Boston Herald.

Professor of Chemistry-"Suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" Jones (who is preparing for the pulpit, and who only takes chemistry because it is obligatory) -"I would administer the sacrament."

At a social gathering on Austin avenue Hostetter McGinnis, who is a great wag, said to Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin: "You would not believe, Miss Esmerelda. what conquests I've made among the fair sex. You would not believe it." "I don't replied Miss Esmerelda.-Texas Siftings.

The history of a Vermont mountain

town is thus epitomized by a good ob-server: "The early settlers cleared up good farms and the children got rich from them. The grandchildren ran them down and loaded the town with debts. The next generation skipped away to the west.

This is said to have happened in Georgia: A youth from Elbert County purchased a suit of wedding-c'ota's at Athens. They were shipped per express, but the next week were returned with a letter from the young man saying that his girl had gone back on him and as he would not need the garments he had returned them. The merchant let him off from the trade.

Secretary to manager-"Here is a letter from the person who writes over the signature of 'Pearl,' asking when we are going to pay for her contribu-tion." "When we publish it, of course." tion." "But we have published it." Well, take the usual course. Wait three months before answering the inquiry and three months before sending a

A lady from Michigan relates a very pretty story of her little boy, whom she took last summer for the first time to the seaside. The little fellow was greatly pleased with the sight. One day, when he saw the first ocean-steamer approach the coast, he was exuberant: "O, mamma, just come out and see There's a big locomotive taking a bath!" -Boston Beacon.

Prudent Parasian housekeeper-"Hi. there, stop! What do you ask for your roal?" Peripatetic dealer-"Three francs a hundred kilos, sir." Housekeeper-"Weigh me a thousand kilos and shoot it here." Dealer (hesitatingly)—"Certainly, monsieur; but—well, ahem! the fact is that when we weigh it in the presence of a customer the price is three francs and a half .- Paris Figaro.

"Good morning. Cicely, dear; I was just going by, and I couldn't help dropping in to ask you about the new feather trimming." "Isn't it lovely?" ves, I rather like it; but I'm afraid it will soon be as common as sealskin sacques." "That would be a pity. Only think, I haven't worn my sealskin since you had yours." There were a few dagger-like glances, and that morning call was ended .- Hartford Post.

Perhaps the revision of the Bible was unnecessary, after all. The historian is impelled to this reflection by a sage remark which was uttered in his hearing in a street-car the other day. On the opposite side of the car were two women, who were talking rather loudly. Seid one: "Did vou know Sarah had had another lot of money left her by her cousin's will?" "Law me!" exclaimed

the other, "the Bible never said a truer thing than 'them that has gits!' ton Record. A librarian says that ministers like to write their opinions on the margins of books: "I found a book so marked one day, and, recognizing the handwriting as that of a prominent divine, sent a note to him asking to see him at my office. He came, acknowledged he had written in the book, but said that his writing made it more valuable. Others do not think so,' I said: 'so if you, will

get us a new book you may keep the more valuable one.' Marc Antony Grig, the distinguished tragedian from the Wayback circuit— "My friend, how is this? The house was cold last night-cold-cold-ca-hold! among the ushers to insure a hearty welcome and tumultuous applause Mr. Ochestein, the prosaic and Hebraic nanager-"Golt? Two dollars un' a halluf! You don'd get no dumultuous abblaase for no two dollars un' a hellut. He Dot don'd get you no more as a gordial rezeption!"- Fliegende Blaetter.

The Pall Mall Gazette tells of a marvelous bievele performer. He is so clever that he seems to take the unfortunate machine to pieces and practice some feat of equitation upon each of them, riding the backbone as a witch does a broomstick, whirling on one wheel only, It is said that last winter he was smit-ten with Sophie Eyre to such an extent and playing some trick with the spokes and handle. He rides up to bed and seventy modes of mounting. Needless subsequently heard of in the Riel rebel- to say, concludes the Pall Mall Gazette, the gentleman is an American.

The Record's staff small boy has been going to an Orthodox Sunday-school for just three of his six years, and, as may be inferred, derives his ideas of the Divine relation to mankind by a sort of direct Apostolic succession from Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. His mother was consequently interested to know what idea was in his head the other night, after he had received a pretty severe chiding for some offense, he exclaimed: "O,I wish I was God!" "Why, what do you wish that for?" she asked. "Because you'd have to love me then!" -Boston Record.

Among the young men of title and circulation should compromise Miss acres. There are in addition, London properties, bringing up the gross rent roll to £28,000 a year.